

BOMB CLEWS LEAD TO RADICAL DENS IN JERSEY CITIES

Federal Investigators Concentrating on Anarchist Trail in Passaic and Paterson. Explosives Brought Across Hudson on Ferryboat—Fischer Due Today.

(By Universal Service.)

New York, Sept. 19.—It is now established that the Wall street explosive which cost thirty-three lives was brought across the Hudson River by ferry.

Where the trail in New Jersey leads, William J. Flynn, chief agent of the Department of Justice would not say, but inasmuch as the Jersey anarchist centers are known to be Passaic and Paterson, it is more than likely that police and local Federal investigators will concentrate on revolutionary headquarters in those cities.

Flynn said Department of Justice men were running down every possible clue with great care. The clue provided by the blacksmith who shod the horse which drew the mysterious explosive wagon is considered the hottest and a great corps of operatives is combing New Jersey.

Fischer Due Today.

Chief Flynn announced tonight that Edward P. Fischer, who sent mysterious warnings to New York from Canada, accompanied by two men from the New York police department and an agent of the Department of Justice would arrive here tomorrow morning.

"I personally think he is insane, and do not think much is to be expected from him," said Flynn. "However, we shall know when the local police get through with him."

Mrs. Jokichi Takamine Jr., wife of the Japanese chemist, whose visiting card was found among Fischer's papers, indignantly denied that she was Fischer's friend. She explained she was introduced to him two years ago by her husband, who is a tennis enthusiast.

Fischer's Story Different.

When Fischer was asked who she was, he exclaimed:

"She's the wife of one of the biggest explosive manufacturers in the country, and she'll get me out of here when she learns of my predicament."

Mrs. Takamine denied her husband manufactured explosives, and that she would attempt to obtain his release.

"When Mr. Fischer declares that my husband is one of the most important explosive manufacturers in the world, he is guilty of either equivocation or deliberate lying," she said. "The Takamine Laboratories Inc. confine their operations to the manufacture of textile dyes and chemicals for medicinal purposes. I believe that during the war some explosives and munitions were manufactured at the laboratories, but none has been made there to my knowledge since the signing of the armistice."

Pleasing, But Peculiar.

"The man is absolutely crazy. He is a pleasing sort of fellow, but he has peculiar ideas."

Federal buildings and other important centers were under guard by secret service men today. It is estimated that at least 500 were told off for this duty.

Great throngs of the curious on foot and in sightseeing busses made pilgrimages today to the scene of the disaster. The corner of Broadway and Wall Street, which on Sunday usually presents a deserted appearance, was roped and made a one-way street because of the throngs of sightseers.

The first funerals of the victims took place today. Crowds of strangers and of the idly interested turned out in numbers to witness the performance of the last rites.

One Still Unidentified.

Only one victim lies in the morgue unidentified. It is the body of a young man, and it is the most mangled and lacerated body of all. Police still slightly entertain the theory that this might be the body of the driver of the explosive cart and are doing their utmost to identify him themselves.

Chief Flynn discounts this theory. He declares that in his opinion the bomb planters were on Cedar street and Broadway, when the detonation took place. He said today he was firmly convinced that the men who dropped the slips of paper into the mail box, signed "Anarchist Fighters" at that corner, were the perpetrators.

Cork Mayor Lingers In Pain; 40th Day Near

London, Sept. 19.—Finishing the thirty-eighth day of his hunger strike this evening, Terence MacSwiney, the lord mayor of Cork, was weaker than ever, but there had been no decided change in his condition during the past twenty-four hours. He is in pain.

Bethel rested upon the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Above it the mountains were piled to the sky. Far below it the turbid Catawba gleamed yellow along its disconsolate valley.

The June day was at its sultriest hour. Bethel dozed in the tepid shade. Trade was not. It was so still that Gores, reclining in his chair, distinctly heard the clicking of the chips in the grand-

Jury room, where the "courthouse gang" was playing poker. From the open back door of the office a well-worn path meandered across the grassy lot to the court-house. The treading out of that path had cost Gores all he ever had—first inheritance of a few thousand dollars, next the old family home, and, latterly, the last shreds of his self-respect and manhood. The "gang" had cleaned him out. The broken gambler had turned drunkard and parasite; he had lived to see his day come when the men who had stripped him dealt him a seat at the game. His word was no longer to be taken. The daily bout at cards had arranged it-

self accordingly, and to him was assigned the part of the onlooker. The sheriff, the county clerk, a sportive deputy, a gay attorney, and a chalk-faced man hailing "from the valley," sat at table, and the shearer one was thus tacitly advised to go and grow more wool.

Soon wearying of his ostracism, Gores had departed for his office, muttering to himself as he unsteadily traversed the unlucky pathway. After a drink of corn whiskey from a demijohn under the table, he had flung himself into the chair, staring, in a sort of maudlin apathy, out at the mountains immersed in the sum-

mer haze. The little white patch he saw away up on the side of Blackjack was Laurel, the village near which he had been born and bred. There, also, was the birthplace of the feud between the Gores and the Coltranes. Now no direct heir of the Gores survived except this plucked and singed bird of misfortune. To the Coltranes, also, but one male supporter was left—Col. Abner Coltrane, a man of substance and standing, a member of the State Legislature, and a contemporary with Gores's father. The feud had been a typical one of the region; it had left a red record of hate, wrong and slaughter.

But Yancey Gores was not thinking of feuds. His befuddled brain was hopelessly attacking the problem of the future maintenance of himself and his favorite follies. O late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had whereof to eat and a place to sleep, but whiskey they would not buy for him, and he must have whiskey. His law business was extinct; no case had been entrusted to him in two years. He had been a borrower and a sponge, and it seemed that if he fell no lower it would be from lack of opportunity. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win, but he had nothing left to sell, and his credit was more than exhausted.

He could not help smiling, even in his misery, as he thought of the man to whom, six months before, he had sold the old Gores homestead. There had come from "back yan" in the mountains two of the strangest creatures, a man named Pike Garvey and his wife, "Back yan," with a wave of the hand toward the hills, was understood among the mountaineers to designate the remotest fastnesses, the unplumbed gorges, the haunts of lawbreakers, the wolf's den, and the boudoir of the bear. In the cabin far up on Blackjack's

SCHOOL OPENS TODAY



60,000 School Kiddies Hit Weary Trail to Books Today After Joy of Summer Play

Much as in the time of Shakespeare, when "The schoolboy, with his satchel, Crouching like a snail, unwillingly to school."

More than 60,000 Washington school children will begin the fall school term this morning.

Scores of children about to begin their education were taken by their parents during the week to the vaccination clinic maintained by the health department in the District Building. Following the ordeal the children were examined by Dr. John L. Norris, assistant health officer.

Certificates of successful vaccination against smallpox were issued and will be presented when the kiddies start school today. Children without certificates will be refused enrollment.

Although the approximate attendance today will be 60,000 in high and graded schools, no great congestion in schoolrooms is expected, but with the return of many

pupils who are still out of town it may be difficult to seat all the scholars who will be on the rolls by December.

The schools are opening today under auspicious circumstances, according to Board of Education officials, who declare the teaching force is complete and there is an abundance of supplies. Many of the schoolrooms have been equipped with new furniture.

Today's morning period will be occupied with the details of program adjustments and other work connected with promotion and enrollment. School will close for the day at noon.

Teachers in the kindergarten classes will meet in the Thomson School at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon to formulate the year's schedule.

Heavy increases in the enrollment in the grade schools are expected by officials and tentative plans have been made for accommodating new pupils. In the third and fourth grades the two-shift system will be

carried out. British labor said the other day that the Soviet state had not yet had a fair trial; but can any state founded on oppression and murder ever lift up its head?

Russian communists, those few hundred thousand wild men who terrorize other millions, have opponents and critics even within the frontiers of Russia.

Lenine provided labor with the theory that, since he was opposed by Mensheviks, it was natural for them to be executed. If it were not natural, we admit, at any rate, it was not to be expected. Even the new movement in Italy takes no note of the other man's rights.

(Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.)

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

N. Y. SOCIALISTS DEMAND SEATS IN ASSEMBLY

Rights Twice Won at Polls They Declare on Eve of New Fight.

MEETING ON TODAY

Legislators to Consider Status Created by Return Of Five Ousted Men.

New York, Sept. 19.—Mayor Hylan, of New York City, today forwarded to Senator Charles Lockwood, chairman of the joint legislative committee on housing, five bills designed to relieve the housing situation, to be submitted to the special session of the legislature.

(By Universal Service.)

New York, Sept. 19.—Five Socialist assemblymen, ousted from office and re-elected on Thursday, announced today that they would present themselves at the special session of the legislature on Monday and demand their seats.

"We have won our right, not once, but twice, and we propose to execute the will of the people," said Charles Solomon, one of the five assemblymen.

A special meeting of legislators, foremost among whom is Speaker Sweet, will take place tomorrow. Leading the group which is content to see the Socialists take office is former Judge Nathan Miller, Republican candidate for governor.

Republican Hand Seen.

Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is now alleged to be manipulating the political cards connected with the return of the re-elected Socialists. Back of Hays, so rumor runs here, stands Senator Harding, the Republican Presidential candidate.

The weight of these two personalities has been such that it is not expected that the Republican organization will attempt an ouster when the five appear tomorrow to sit in the special session.

Opposition Not Vanished.

This does not mean that the opposition to them has vanished. Far from it. It is as great as ever. But it has become careful of the recoil. To that end a plan is afoot to shift the burden onto the shoulders of the Democrats if possible.

Nathan Miller, the Republican nominee for governor, is opposed to the ouster of the men. The Republican national platform repudiated the ouster declaring that the elected representatives of the people had the right to sit. Thus if the men are thrown out the Democrats will have the opportunity to point at the repudiation of part of the platform.

RUM SMUGGLED FROM CANADA

Vast Quantities of Liquor Reaching New York City From North.

(By Universal Service.)

Vast quantities of liquor are being smuggled over the Canadian border into New York State and thence into New York City, according to statements made here yesterday.

So great is the traffic that the thousand or more places in New York, where whiskey is more or less openly sold are no longer dependent upon releases from bonded warehouses, but can be supplied in large part through these smuggled stocks.

In admitting that the border between Canada and New York State contains many "holes" so far as prohibition enforcement is concerned, Prohibition Commissioner Kramer said today:

"The assertions that liquor is being smuggled into New York from Canada is substantially correct. At the present time I cannot say just how great this traffic is. It is obviously difficult to patrol the great stretch of territory included in the Canadian border."

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

HAITI PARTY HERE TO FIGHT "U. S. ENSLAVEMENT," SAYS PRESIDENT'S PAY STOPPED

Hail to Winter! First Frost Due For Three States

Now is the time to get your overcoat out of the summer moth bag and take it to the tailor to be repaired for winter wear, the weather bureau forecast showed yesterday.

Frost, forerunner of chilly fall days, was forecast for tonight in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It will be the first frost of the fall and is about a week ahead of normal, according to the weather bureau experts.

"Continued cool," is the local forecast; "moderate north winds shifting to east."

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Control of Resources Seized by American Financial Interests, Charge Brought by Committee—Island Republic Insulted, Declares Foreign Affairs Secretary.

(By Universal Service.)

Not only have Americans seized control of practically all the resources of Hayti, according to protests now being laid before the government by indignant officials from that island, but they have held up the salaries of the President of the Republic, all the secretaries, state counsellors, and even that of the palace interpreter.

The committee from Hayti now in Washington is headed by Chief Justice Bonamy of the Haytian courts, and M. Prandi, an international lawyer noted in Hayti. It was accompanied to the State Department by Charles Moravi, the Haytian Minister.

American Protest.

A committee of Americans with interests in Hayti, is also in Washington making protests. It includes Edgar Elliott, president of the Haitian-American Corporation, which operates a railroad and sugar plantation; M. R. Harris, of the American Foreign Bank of New York with a branch in Port au Prince; W. E. Bisco, vice president and general manager of the electric company which lights Port au Prince, and Harry Berlin, who has commercial interests in that city.

Many T. S. Interests Hurt.

As Hayti is a member of the Latin-American Union, the situation is said to have affected American interests throughout South and Central America.

Shortly after the United States assumed control in Hayti the National City Bank of New York established a branch in Port au Prince and obtained control of the National Bank of Hayti, it is said. Col. John McIlhenny, American financial adviser to the Haytian government, immediately made it the depository for all customs duties.

As very little money is collected from taxes in Hayti, the National City Bank soon became the sole financial arbiter of the republic, it is said. Not only was it able to control all loans to commercial and agricultural interests, but even those of the government as well. No payments of any description can be made without consent of the American adviser, and then only through the National City Bank.

Controls Exchange Rates.

The bank also exercises absolute control over rates of exchange and the charge is made that through the customs service it maintains the closest scrutiny over all imports, promptly putting the screws on all concerns that did not deal through its connections in New York.

Following is the protest to the American Minister:

"Port au Prince, August 5, 1920. Mr. A. Bailly-Blanchard.

"I have the honor to inform your excellency that the offices of the financial adviser and of the receiver general have not yet delivered the checks for the July salaries of His excellency the President of the republic, the secretaries, state counsellors, and palace interpreter, although all other officials were paid on July 26.

"I call the attention of your excellency to this new attitude of the financial adviser, a Haitian official, to the President of the republic and other members of the government, an attitude which is an insult to the entire nation.

"J. BARAU.

"Secretary of Foreign Affairs."

On August 6, the Haitian minister of foreign affairs wrote a second letter to the American Minister in which he said:

"The payment of these salaries has been suspended by order of the American Minister until further orders are received from him.

"My government protests against this act of violence which is an attack upon the dignity of the people and government of Hayti."

Secretary Daniels recently sent Gen. John A. Lejeune, Marine Corps commandant, to the island for investigation of "slavery" charges.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

A BLACKJACK BARGAINER

THE most disreputable thing in Yancey Gores's law office was Gores himself, sprawled in his creaky old armchair. The rickety little office, built of red brick, was set flush with the street—the main street of the town of Bethel.

Bethel rested upon the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Above it the mountains were piled to the sky. Far below it the turbid Catawba gleamed yellow along its disconsolate valley.

The June day was at its sultriest hour. Bethel dozed in the tepid shade. Trade was not. It was so still that Gores, reclining in his chair, distinctly heard the clicking of the chips in the grand-

Jury room, where the "courthouse gang" was playing poker. From the open back door of the office a well-worn path meandered across the grassy lot to the court-house. The treading out of that path had cost Gores all he ever had—first inheritance of a few thousand dollars, next the old family home, and, latterly, the last shreds of his self-respect and manhood. The "gang" had cleaned him out. The broken gambler had turned drunkard and parasite; he had lived to see his day come when the men who had stripped him dealt him a seat at the game. His word was no longer to be taken. The daily bout at cards had arranged it-

self accordingly, and to him was assigned the part of the onlooker. The sheriff, the county clerk, a sportive deputy, a gay attorney, and a chalk-faced man hailing "from the valley," sat at table, and the shearer one was thus tacitly advised to go and grow more wool.

Soon wearying of his ostracism, Gores had departed for his office, muttering to himself as he unsteadily traversed the unlucky pathway. After a drink of corn whiskey from a demijohn under the table, he had flung himself into the chair, staring, in a sort of maudlin apathy, out at the mountains immersed in the sum-

mer haze. The little white patch he saw away up on the side of Blackjack was Laurel, the village near which he had been born and bred. There, also, was the birthplace of the feud between the Gores and the Coltranes. Now no direct heir of the Gores survived except this plucked and singed bird of misfortune. To the Coltranes, also, but one male supporter was left—Col. Abner Coltrane, a man of substance and standing, a member of the State Legislature, and a contemporary with Gores's father. The feud had been a typical one of the region; it had left a red record of hate, wrong and slaughter.

But Yancey Gores was not thinking of feuds. His befuddled brain was hopelessly attacking the problem of the future maintenance of himself and his favorite follies. O late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had whereof to eat and a place to sleep, but whiskey they would not buy for him, and he must have whiskey. His law business was extinct; no case had been entrusted to him in two years. He had been a borrower and a sponge, and it seemed that if he fell no lower it would be from lack of opportunity. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win, but he had nothing left to sell, and his credit was more than exhausted.

He could not help smiling, even in his misery, as he thought of the man to whom, six months before, he had sold the old Gores homestead. There had come from "back yan" in the mountains two of the strangest creatures, a man named Pike Garvey and his wife, "Back yan," with a wave of the hand toward the hills, was understood among the mountaineers to designate the remotest fastnesses, the unplumbed gorges, the haunts of lawbreakers, the wolf's den, and the boudoir of the bear. In the cabin far up on Blackjack's

shoulder, in the wildest part of these retreats, this odd couple had lived for twenty years. They had neither dog nor children to mitigate the heavy silence of the hills. Pike Garvey was little known in the settlements, but all who had dealt with him pronounced him "crazy as a loon." He acknowledged no occupation save that of a squirrel hunter, but he "moon-shined" occasionally by way of diversion. Once the "revenuers" had dragged him from his lair, fighting slightly and desperately like a terrier, and he had been sent to State prison for two years. Released, he pined back into his hole like an angry weasel.

Fortune, passing over many anxious woos, made a freakish flight into Blackjack's bosky pockets to smile upon Pike and his faithful partner.

One day a party of spectacled, knickerbockered, and altogether absurd prospectors invaded the vicinity of the Garveys' cabin. Pike lifted his squirrel rifle off the hooks and took a shot at them at long range on the chance of their being revenuers. Happily he missed, and the unconscious agents of good luck drew nearer, disclosing their innocence of anything but gambling law or justice. Later on, they offered the Garveys an enor-

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.

Continued on page two.